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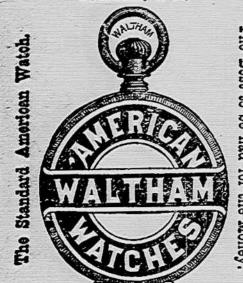
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Editor of "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Pa., Jone 1, 1882.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Obituaries and tributes of respect will be

him to put the question he had just put with such a sorry, and, it may be, unforeseen result. The man's half cynical exterior hid a proud and sensitive nature. Had hope been entirely absent he would not have bared his heart to the woman he loved best in the

Even in the first bitterness of defeat he did not blame her. That all was ended and over he never doubted. His feelings were those of bewilderment. He could not understand it; could see no reason for this summary and without-appeal rejection of his love.

tered. "I can't think here, in this room where the perfume of her dress still lingers." glove which was lying on the piano.

"one laughs at the idiotic proceedings of others, and when one's own time comes does just the same. A glove! A flower! Conventional emblems, lacking even originality. What a fool I am!"

Nevertheless he kept them both, and no doubt derived as much comfort from them as the possession of such things is supposed to still swore he would not grovel and ack

After this he took his hat, and, forgetting all about the dinner-party, went cut into the garden to think. As spite of his assumed calm he must have been strongly moved, for he commenced Lis operation of thinking by digging his heel into the immaculate gravel path so viciously that the large roller was needed for haif an nour the next morning in order to smooth matters down. Then, ashamed of this burst of passion, he walked down to the bottom of the garden, and regardless of October dews and chilly air threw imself on a seat and strove to account for what had happened, and to determine its result so far as his own future was concerned. But think as he would, and we may presome his brain was a clever and able one. Mr. Carruthers could only get to three conclusions, unsatisfactory when taken singly, and, of course, trebly so in the aggregate. Firstly, he was more in love with Beatrice than ever. Secondly, he could not understand why she had refused him. Thirdly, having once asked a weman to be his wife, nothing would induce him to repeat the

respect if I have to cut my heart out." These remarks were of course applicable to

ting up began. Frank, in a moody, sullen way, waethed conclusion number three-a conclusion at Horace and Herbert as they went from winwhich love always laughs. Given a prouder dow to window trying shutters and bars and bolts. He did not smile even when Horace gravely and deliberately counted the forks and spoons in Whittaker's basket-the extra plate given out for dinner-parties-while Herbert blended two half-emptied bottles of By and by a curious whim seized this parsherry and made one full one. The domestic duties were at last finished; the bottles locked up, the spoons and forks snugly tucked up in little chamois leather bags, ready to be put

seemed a certain grim propriety in seeking and sitting with the other man who was rowing in the same boat, or, to put it poetically. the man whose bark of joy had been wrecked upon the same rock as his own. Besides,

with freestone dressing—the kind of houses classified as "genteel" residences. As such,

When Frank was shown into his room Mordle jumped up and greeted him cheerfully.

-up at the house to-night." Frank started. "I quite forgot them," he said with lack of caution unusual to him.

cigars, the whisky, a water bottle and a glass | from the shelf, and for the first time in his on the table in front of Frank, and waited life sympathized with the ill-used, egotistical for him to help himself.

these speculations that he did not notice the | light, faint finger-tap on the library door. A curate's curious glances. "Look here, Carruthers," said Mordle, ran through him. Was a second Lady Ger-

smoke-you don't chat. What's up?"

"Nothing?" said the curate. "That means | Mrs. Miller, the nurse. What in the world everything.' "Well, then, everything."

"And everything, as I take it, means-tell me what it means, Carruthers. May I wish you joy?"

"Certainly; what can I do for you?" She entered the room and carefully closed the door. Frank's wonderment grew. He could not help picturing the dismay which would fall upon Horace and Herbert had they known that at 1 o'clock in the morning he

was conversing with a female member of "You may wish what you like; but the their establishment. Mrs. Miller drew rear to him. "May I speak truth is we are partners in misfortune." a few words to you, Mr. Carruthers?" She

fully expected it would be granted.

"Nothing more than you know of, sir." not pleasant.

He spoke with more asperity than usual. arm. She was a tall woman, he was a man of middle height, so the faces of the two were all but on a level. Frank, who had never until now taken particular notice of the

much you love Miss Beatrice."

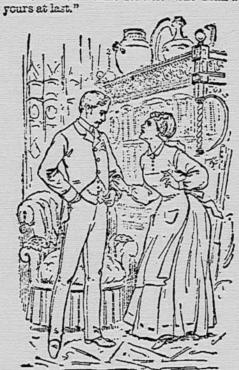
it was a word he hated using.

til death! Tell me this and make me happy. Surely you are not ashamed of loving her?" Her manner was so impressive that Carpoor creature from the bottom of his heart. ruthers for the moment for got it was but a servant who addressed him. "No," he said, simply a diabolical one. Get rid of it, and the opposite wall. "No, I am not ashamed of loving her. What concern it is of yours | Mordle or the rector, or some one whose busi-I cannot divine; but I love your mistress as

much as a man can love a voman." Mrs. Miller bent down and kissed his hand, She murmured a few words which he could not catch. Most men, not being kings or respectful manner. Then, with bent head, princes, object to having their hands kissed and hopelessness written all over her, she Frank did. "Have you anything more to | walked slowly to the door. A thought struck

"For her-for Miss Beatrice. Oh! Mr. Carruthers, you won't go in a fit of anger, and give yourself away to the first doll-faced

She clutched his arm, and her eyes looked at him with that same intense, imploring "I shall never marry another woman," said



knew." She whispered these words in an no doubt cursed, not Beatrice, but his illawestruck way, as if such a thing was too luck. He could not go away that day. He fearful to contemplate.

my offairs," asked Frank.

sounded like an exaggerated expression when used to illustrate the devotion of one woman to another. But the depth of the love which woman can bear to woman has never yet been rightly plumbed.

you leave the room? It makes it last so Even Frank, who we may presume considered Miss Clauson worthy of out-of-the-way adoration, felt that Mrs. Miller's eccentric and profane description of her sentiments towards her mistress was more exalted than any occasion could warrant. Nevertheless, as she was sounding the praises of the woman he loved,

no more cheerful. Even Mr. Carruthers got a friend. But the sight of pen and paper

'And because you are so fond of her, you wish to see her future in my hands, feeling sure it will be a happy one?"

She hesitated. Carruthers hoped she would finish the sentence with some information as to the true state of Beatrice's feelings. Mrs Miller's assurance that she had good ground for asking him to wait for an indefinite time would be thrice welcome. Lovers and drowning men ought to be coupled together in the matter of catching at straws. "Well, besides what?" he said, seeing she still besitated. "You are both of the elect?" she said in

strangely solemn accents. "The scal is on "What do you mean?" said Frank in bewilderment.

Sho clasped her thin bands together; her eyes shone with strange brilliancy. "Mean!" she exclaimed, so lonely that Frank glar ed I can see it, can read it on your face—on Miss world. Beatrice's face. Many are called, but few are chosen'-few are chosen. You are of the

"Oh!" said Frank. Ho was beginning to

breath. It may be that a heather who has tramp. - Lowell Citien.

asked the favor respectfully, but as one when never heard God's name shall sit on the steps of the great throne, while he who has live on earth the life of a saint shall go into everlasting fire."

"This is predestination with a vengeance," thought Frank. "Why do you feel so sure about Miss Clauson and me?" he asked. "I can read it in your faces. You are to have happiness in this world and in the next. Frank's sense of humor made him feel in-

clined to ask Mrs. Miller about the ultimate fate of the gentle Horace and Herbert, with their kindly hearts and old womanish ways. He would even have liked to know what was liam Giles, the coachman. But he checked the questions. He saw that what was amusement to him was death to the pale, excited woman at his side. He did not wish to enter the white, worn-looking face. He began to | ciple of Augustine. Indeed, he knew that the wonder if her wits were all right. But she arguments of those who held the doctrine of predestination and its correlative, reprobation, are logically unauswerable by the best theologian ever turned out of Oxford; and theology was not Mr. Carruthers' pet science. So he contented himself by expressing a po-

"I!" she exclaimed, and a shudder as of terror ran through her. "I have prayed day and night—day and night—that answer may me-"the woman spoke with startling ear- be given me, that a sign may be shown to me. The answer has been given." "Well, you found it all right, I hope," said

She leaned forward, and again clutched his cherish her, care for her, be true to her un- arm. "I am 'one of the many," she said, in a low, thrilling whisper. Her face were a look of utter hopelessness. Frank pitied the

speaking slowly, and with his eyes fixed on trust that there is some mercy to be shown to those who ask for it. Go and talk to Mr. ness it is to set things of this kind straight. Now I think we had better say good-night." "Good-night, sir. Thank you," she said, with a sudden return to her usual calm and

> "Wait a moment," he said; "I should like to write a line to Miss Clauson. "Love-letters will do no good, sir." "It's not a love-letter," said Frank somewhat sharply. Mrs. Miller waited.

Carruthers.

He took a sheet of paper. After what had happened he felt he could not address the woman he loved as "My doar Miss Clauson," and he did not dare to write "My dear Beatrice." So his letter bogan abruptly, without address of any kind. Moreover, it was very short. Here it is:

"Now that I have asked my question, and you have given your answer, tell me would you rather I left this place at once, or stayed on as I intended.—Yours, F. C."
He handed the letter to Mrs. Miller. She took it in a reluctant manner. "You have not written anything unkind to her?" she

"Nothing. Take my word for it." "And you promise you will wait?" "I must wait, whether I like it or not," said Frank, rather bitterly.

"Good-night, sir." Mrs. Miller curtseyed and stole noiselessly from the room. Frank fell back into a revery. How strange that in the few hours since he had been rejected two persons had bade him wait and hope—Mordle, in his cheery, optimistic way, Mrs. Miller, in her sombre, half-entranced. highly-wrought religious frenzy. Poor woman! what extraordinary ideas she held! She must be next door to a religious monomaniac, with her ghastly tenets of fore-or-

dainment and predestination. Nevertheless, if either of his counselors gave him hope it was this mad, wild-spoken fanatic. She was, so to say. Beatrice's body servant, and as such might be presumed to know something of the secrets of her mistress' heart, or at the least to be able to make a shrewd guess at them. So, in spite of his own common sense, in spite of her dismal jargen about the elect, the seals, and the rest Wait for her. She shall be yours at last, of it, the hope which springs eternal began A thought struck Frank. Did this strange | to throw up a tiny shoot in Mr. Carruthers'

At last he went to bed, wondering what answer he would receive to his letter. It is to be hoped the promise he made Mrs. Miller was to be more sacred than those made to Horace and Herbert, for he blew out the have come to you. You won't tell her, Mr. lamp anyhow, and left the hearthrug to take care of itself. Alas for the "hope eternal." It was all

possibility of Carruthers' telling Beatrice of but crushed in the morning by a note from this nocturnal interview rose before her. Beatrice, which, with the paties attending She seemed so distressed that Frank hastened all modern emotional incidents, was brought to assure her he would not mention the mat in with his shaving water. It ran so: ter. Strange as was this woman's manner. "Please go away.-B. C." Then she added something showed him that she meant him in a postscript: "Don't think me unkind. It is better for your sale."

"She would never forgive me if she He crushed the paper in his hand, and felt that such a sudden departure would "Tell me why you trouble yourself about set the brothers gossiping and trying to account for its cause. But, as persons generally do in such extremities, he received this world and the next to me. Because 1 a letter or a telegram, the nature of which would kill myself to save her from a pain of | made it imperative he should leave on the

Horace and Herbert expressed genuine sorrow at this sudden termination to his visit. tion, from death, from worse. She fed me, They pressed him to come to Hazlewood clothed me, called me back to life, and saw House at the end of the next term. He that I lived. I say to you, Mr. Carruthers, promised to do so. Only by foreswearing that if I stood with one foot across the himself could be avoid giving an explanation golden threshold of the heavenly gate, even of what made his presence for the future im if my eyes had caught a glimpse of God and possible. Of course he saw Beatrice as usual: His angels, my cars heard the sound of the but neither by word or look did he allude to ed its sway. Dr. Carruthers' cure for mor-

The moment for departure came. Horace had taken the reins. Herbert was beside him. Frank's portmanteaus were stowed away in the big wagonette. He turned to shake hands with Beatrice. "I came here an invalid in body," he said to himself; "I go away with a chronic mental disease. The ex hange is a sorry one."

"Won't you come with us, Beatrice?" asked

She drew back her outstretched hand, and hesitard. Frank turned his eyes away. He would to no way plead for this concession. Sud isnly, and in a defiant way, which such a trivial matter by no means seemed to call for, she exclaimed, "Yes, I will com 7. Wait for the one minute." In one minute, terally, she was back again, in her hat and

jacket, and scated opposite Frank. Few words passed between them during the drive to the station. A mero good-bye was all they said as Frank took his seat in whipped very severely. One of them, on the Spartan and the State Univer- "Oh, yes quite sure I will demonthe train; but as that train relied cut of Heary Porter, was terribly punished, sity. If there was ever a pitiful beg- strate the fact to you." Then be lean-Blacktown, as his eyes for the last time met the skin and flesh being whipped from ging of the question this is a case of it. ed over the counter and shouted : Beatrice's, fairly and fully, fir. Carruthers' off his back for a space of several inch | The cry that this is the poor man's col- "Rats!" "See?" he asked. "Yes; a credit to a boy's of 18, and once more es. Dr. Pope thinks he is yet in a lege, the college of the common people, and for ever he know that no vanity of his critical condition. As soon as Captain the college of the working people of the had led him to dare to think that in Fiss | Carroll returned, he discharged Jack - State, is the merest twaddle. From its Classon's manner towards him there was an undefinable, inscrutable "something," which had led him to risk and apparently lose all.

So "hope eternal" sprang again, and the human treatment was due to Jackson.

Carroll returned, he discharged Jackson foundation to 1860, it was the college of the chivalry of South Carolina, the old time aristocracy that gained their know it was such a success." Great Clauson's manner towards him there was an undefinable, inscrutable "something," which had led him to risk and apparently less all. So "hope eternal" sprang again, and the numan treatment was one to Jackson. So "hope eternal" sprang again, and the conviction forced itself on Mr. Carruthers We are glad that things have turned bread and fine raiment through the Editor-"Success? Great Casar! Why that the day might come when, in spite of his conclusion number three, he must per-And, notwithstanding his pride, this fact

was by no means an unpleasant one! TO BE CONTINUED

The man who can thoroughly enjoy at the door to make sure that is was closed. himself at a fashionable reception after "Mean! Can it be possible that those blessed discovering that the bow of his white ones who are prodestined to be saints here tie is under his left ear is superior to after can walk the earth and know it not! the pomps and vanities of this wicked

the postoflice and pay the postage for The boy James returned highly understand that he was dealing with a re clated and said: "Father, I seed a lot ligious fanatic. His bewilderment was sue of men putting letters in a little place, coded by pitying curiosity, tempered by and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing." "If one could believe it, it would be very | Wilmott wrote: "Every year carries

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer; Don't strike my name off yet, You know the times are stringent, And dollars hard to get; But tug a little harder, Is what I mean to do, And scrape the dimes together-

Enough for me and you. I can't afford to drop it : I find it dosa't pay To do without a paper, However others may,, I hate to ask my neighbors

To give me theirs on loan;

They don't just say, but mean it:

"Why don't you have your own ?" You can't tell how we miss it. If it, by any fate, Should happen not to reach us, Or come a little late, Then all is in a hubbub, And things go all awry,

And-printer, if you're married,

You'll know the reason why The children want their stories, And wife is anxious, too, At first to glance it over, And then to read it through ; And I to read the leaders, And con the book reviews, And scan the correspondence

And every bit of news.

I can not do without it; It is no use to try: The other people take it, And, printer, so must I. I, too, must keep me posted And know what's going on, Or feel and be accounted

A fogy simpleton. Then take it kindly, printer, If pay is somewhat slow, For cash is not so plenty And wants not few, you know; But I must have the paper, Cost what it may to me: I'd rather dock my sugar,

And do without my tea. So, printer, don't you stop it, Unless you want my frown, For here's the year's subscription, And credit it right down, And send the paper promptly And regularly on, And let it bring us weekly Its welcome benison. Exchange.

What Our Editors Say.

"Organization is Power." Edgefield Advertiser.

Our County Agricultural and Mechanical Society, though zealous, and ly few such institutions in this country, quiring a license tax of fifty cents a day intelligent, and faithful, is still very small as to its membership, in fact, when one considers the size, resources | are located. Not all of those which are and wealth of Edgefield County, most called universities and colleges are such unwisely and reprehensibly small. Can in fact. The most of them, perhaps, we not possibly urge up our farmers to are little more than academies or predeeper and more active interest in this paratory schools. Unless a State is

all important matter? Daily observation should teach farmers that they need hope for no success, no power, as a class, until they organize and work together for their common interest. Let them reflect upon the work done by religious organizations. Where would our churches be in a few years, if they were to disorganize and "neglect the assembling of themselves together" for counsel and concert?

And would great political measures ever be carried, but for thorough organization of parties. .

What unorganized army was ever Macedonia who said that he would rather of the communion service, and the bishstags than a camp of unorganized lions! ceased the use of these lights but read a Did not the shrewd Napoleon say that letter to his congregation maintaining be would "prefer an army of well dis- the correctness of his practice. It is ciplined Italians, who are cowards, to such as this that drives young men and an army of undisciplined Frenchmen, women to doubt the whole scheme of who are all brave? The little strings christianity. Quarrels over such matthat compose the strongest rope are ters as these, the tithing of mint and weak indeed! Detached they would cummin, will tend to drive young men together well, and they will carry a into the Salvation army Those that waiting to be hit with a cannon ball.

Greenville News.

running the institution at Charleston of preachers. The whip of small cords, him all the time. God won't keep a known as the citadel. Is it the super- wielded by a divine hand, is needed in young lady pious who has her waist enintendent, the board of visitors or the our temples to day, just as much as it circled seven times a week by the arms cadet officers? And we wonder wheth- was when thieves had taken possession of a spider-legged dude.'-Sam Jones. er there is a private educational institu- of the temple on Zion hill. It looks tion in the State the managers of which like an awful tragedy when chosen and would allow the pupils to dictate the ordained ministers of the simple gospel system of management and enforce of the New Testament quibble and their demands by handing in their res- quarrel over lights in the church, or the

Cruelty to Convicts. News and Herald.

Concerning the recent charges of cruelty to convicts working on the Savannah Valley Railroad, the Abbeville Messenger says:

Colonel Lipscomb, we are informed, expressed himself very well pleased with the present condition and discipline of the camp. The facts of the former cruel treatment seem to be about these: Captain Carroll, in charge of the camp, was away on leave of absence for two or three weeks. In his absence the camp was in charge of one Jackson, who it is said drank heavily during the time. The convicts were being marched to camp in squads of eight. Out of one of these squads, one fellow succeeded in escaping The other seven were subjected to severe punishment for not having informed the guard that he had There are left in camp one bundred and pare. They have to work for their daily chased by a bear out West when I didn't

er unlawful and brutal it may be.

Common Schools. Lexington Dispatch.

ligence of the people. It will hardly be the colored girls that go to Claffin. denied that the States that have made The white girls have no chance. the most rapid progress in everything that contributes to the greatness of a State are those which have done most for their common schools. It is far better that the whole population of a State should be fitted to utilize the means of self-improvement which are supplied in the shape of newspapers and magazines than that a few should be thoroughly educated. The young men and women who acquire a taste for knowledge at the common schools and are qualified there to appreciate and utilize after their school days are over what they find of value in current literature, make citizens who constantly aim of those about them. They are quick tance, costs \$4 on 428 pounds." to seize upon new ideas in their own business or occupation, and to make the most of them. The difference between the face of the country where the common schools are excellent and where they are very poor is so marked that it does not fail to attract the attention of the most careless observer. There is. and that the greatest of them owe little or nothing to the States in which they rich, and is willing to appropriate money generously through a long period of years to the establishment of a great educational institution vote all it can spare for educational pur-

> Dead Forms. Carolina Spartan.

poses to its common schools, and leave

the work of establishing a university to

his rectors, Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, have got into a quarrel about a most important matter to the church. The able to stand against a well organized rector was in the habit of burning one? Was it not the great Philip of 'eucharistic lights' during the reading depend upon an army of well organized op objected to the practice. The rector doubt and investigate, will go towards God adjusts his ammunition to the size, agnosticism. Paul spoke of the fool- of the man he is after. Mustard seed ishuess of preaching, but he never had shot will do for you. God won't keep a vestments of the priests, or the particular manner and time of bowing, whether it shall be to the East or in some other direction, while men and women are waiting to be helped and strengthened and saved. In all the churches there are dead forms, words and prayers without meaning, mere mockeries, the shadow infinitely far from the substance, the show of religion and all this is producing a sort of dry rot that is ciate at a wedding, finding himself and most bateful to many persons who want | congregation in the church considerably and need the truth. Priests may burn in advance of the bridal party, asked wax tapers, and blue lights, and red that some one should strike up a hymn lights till doomsday and no man will be to improve the time. A good brother saved thereby. They may quarrel over started off, just as the bridal party enritualistic questious, and demand a tered, with the hymn beginning, 'Come, rigid performance of body worship, on, my partner in distress.'-Zion's while the heart is hungering and thirst- | Herald. ing for the living truth.

The University Question Again. Carolina Spartan. filed his shackles. Two of these were Press and Banner an editorial bearing much worn now." "Are you sure?". out to be not so bad as they were re- sweat of thousands of slaves. Of ported, and that work on the read will course an occasional poor niau would go not be suspended. Seven of the con- there and work his way through but viets have been returned to the peniten- the great majority of students were sons tion to the semi-weekly."—Philadeltiary, and Dr. Gaubert, who examined of rich men. That is the case to day. them in the absence of Dr. Pepe, says The sons of poor men do not go to colhe found no evidence of barsh treatment. lege. They cannot take time to pre- Ever hear about the time I was

bread. It is not our special aim to have a weapon of any sort about me, This is an unsatisfactory explanation, close the University in any of its Blocher? It is admitted that Jackson maltreated branches, but we do intend to plead for f never did. How on earth did you "James, my son, take this letter to the convicts, and the excuse is that the common people and their education. manage to escape, old fellow?" Captain Carroll, in charge of the camp, We, the people, have a right to com- Tried sitting down and staring him

On this point an early explanation is in | has cost the State over a thousand dolorder from Captain Carroll himself. ... lars. About 18,000 children graduate If whenever convicts are inhumanly from the public schools of the State treated the responsibility can be shifted each year at a cost of \$21.00 each; to somebody who is "drinking heavily," That is a considerable difference: Look and, when the case is investigated, that at the small class graduating in Columsomebody simply runs away, it would bia last week and compare it with the seem that there is no protection against eighteen or twenty thousand children of any treatment of such prisoners, howev- common people who quit the private and public schools of the State and a How the conduct of Captain Carroll unable to go to any college. The mass and his man Jackson ought to be treat- of children need the help of the State ed, we cannot undertake to say. There and not the favored few. Then the are public officials whose business it is State ignores the girls entirely and says to find out and to apply an adequate rem- the public schools are good enough for edv. It remains to be seen whether them, or they can pay their way through. they will do anything in the matter. | the high schools and colleges, but not a cent will we give to educate any daughter of South Carolina in the higher departments. That is meanness worth v. No effort should be spared to improve of the barbarism of the dark ages. The the common schools of the State. The State now boards and clothes a number. better the common schools are the more of boys in the citadel and pays at least intelligent the people will be, and the \$100 tuition for each boy in the college growth of the State in wealth and popu- but does not give a cent to the collegia lation will be in proportion to the intel- ate education of a single girl, except

At the recent court in Marion Judge. Hudson made an order permitting no. one to occupy the seats in the bar but the lawyers and their clients.

ized twenty-seven dollars from three shipments of the ordinary plum in Charleston market. His net profits were about three dollars a bushel.

The Pee Dee Index says: "The freight on 350 pounds of paper from Richmond to Marion costs \$1.50, while to improve their own condition and that from Augusta to Marion, half the dis-

'Father, dear father, come home with me now,' spoke the thinly-clad little girl, 'fur if you don't mammy says she'll come to the saloon herself and leady you home by the ear agin.'-Kentucky

The town council of Johnston, Edgeof course, a certain State pride in great field county, has recently passed an orinstitutions of learning, but it must not | dinance imposing a tax of one dollor on be forgotten that there are comparative- all dogs in the corporate limits, and re-

In New York, Philadelphia and other

Eastern cities is a movement for the reduction of prices of admission to amusements. There is a prospect that the time will come when the clerk may take his girl to the without the sacrifice of a whole salary .- Cincinnaii Commercy Two little boys, aged five and six

'Oh, look! look there!' exclaimed the voungest. 'What is that?' 'It's a b'loon,' replied the elder. 'What makes it go up so fast ?' 'Gas.' 'What is Bishop Coxe, New York, and one of gas?' 'Why, gas is-is-is melted Here is a hint for farmers: Last fall a man at Clyde, N. Y., had a number

now there is nothing left of them but around here waiting for salvation to scarcely hold a feather! Wind them and women of a religious turn of mind strike you as it did St. Paul. Snowbird

We are in some doubt as to who is a conception of the profound foolishness man sober who has a quart of liquor in Joe Moore, a colored thicf, was arrested at Trenton. Edgefield County, on. June 19. He took to his legs when the constable tried to arrest him, but was knocked down with a lightwood knot and taken to Johnston and locked

> served out his sentence he will be tried A prominent divine who was to offi-

A gentleman went into a crowded store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few stripes,: On the first page we copy from the sir," the clerk replied, "they are not

Jinks-"How is your new paper getr. ting along?" Great Elitor Boomwe've had to drop the Sunday edition, and evening edition, and morning edition in order to give our whole atten-

'Admirably.'

heavily" before this time, and whether will have to be so. If they refuse any l've sometimes thought that my.

.The Watchman and Southron

BY HUGH CONWAY, Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL." After Beatrice had left the drawing-room Frank stood motionless for a couple of minites. He could not at once realize his posiion. In a dim indistinct way he saw what a mighty change his failure must make in his ife, but he absolutely shrank from calling up s finished picture of what he fancied his fuzure life must be, uncolored by the love which ae had by now learned to look upon as indis-

pensable to making the picture a pleasing He could not understand it. He could not relieve it. Frank Carruthers, although perlectly able to value himself fairly, was no excomb, ready to fancy every little act of sindness or polite attention on the part of a

woman an evidence of a consuming passion for himself. Although for weeks he had een making veiled love to Beatrice, there was no action of hers to which he could point and say: "That gave me hope and led me on." He had not felt her hand linger in his own. He had not seen a sudden blush dye her check is he drew near. He had not caught those arnest gray eyes fixed upon him with a meanng which lovers readily guess. It was perpaps the very absence of anything approachng coquetry and encouraging which to Frank it wenty does." and made the girl so well worth the winning. "Ha!" said Nevertheless, there was something-he Lct me think it over." The curate loved an ould not, dared not particularize—something | argument of this sort. Presently he looked n her manner, more especially during the ap.
ast few days, which had, well, to say the "That's all rot!" he said. "Boy of east, been of great comfort to him. Ho ancied, it may have been but fancy, there vas a change in the way in which she spoke o him—perhaps in the way in which she measured his strength against his fellows'—ooked at him. Yes, there must have been can't help feeling he's quite worth being omething, for, although he did not put the loved. See how fallacious your argument?" hought into words, Carruthers knew that and Beatrice been the same to him as in the arly days of their acquaintance, no love of his, however dominant, could have forced on Frank's shoulder. "Listen to my advice.

He stooped and picked up a flower which must have fallen from her dress. He took a "What a leveler love is," he said grimly:

"No, I won't grovel," said Frank. "Most fellows seem to grovel when they are in love. Hang it, I won't! I'll be original in that

man then Mr. Carruthers, and as hopelessly and permanent benefit from the use of "COM- in love with a woman, that woman, if she wished, might have a fresh declaration of untered by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadel- dying passion every week in the year. Oh, yes—all lovers can "grovel" if needs be. ticular lover. He would go down and see owe to the many thousands who are suffering | Sylvanus Mordle. Not that he wished to unbosom his woes to the curate—that would be eases to do all that we can to make its virtues | groveling with a vengeance - but there

> Mordle would be sure to talk about Miss Clauson-he always did. "What a fool I am!" said Frank more bitterly than ever. Nevertheless, he walked down to the curate's fresh air has made me so wide awake that I Mr. Mordle lodged in one of a row of new houses which a sanguine builder had erected on a plot of ground not far from the church. When these houses were first built the villagers expressed their wonder as to who would inhabit them. They were red brick houses

they were a cut above the villagers, and many cuts-quite a gash, in fact-below the "families of position." As half of the houses are empty to this day the builder has ceased to wonder at the villagers' wonder.

"Hallo!" he jerked out. "You here! Why, "I only came for a smoke and a chat." "Thought you had every one-all the swells

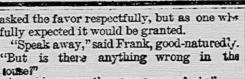
"Forgot them! How shocked Horace will be-how grieved Herbert. No matter. Here as well as all he meant to say when cut so Whilst speaking the curate oustled about. allow him to break so quickly his resolution He opened a drawer, took out a box of cigars, number three. then shut the drawer with a bang. He opened | Then he tried to read. Naturally he turned a cupboard, took out a bottle of whisky, then | to poetry. All lovers turn to it as inevitably slammed the cupboard door. He slapped the as a duck does to water. He took Tennyson

But Mr. Carruthers sat silent and motion- upon a volume of Mrs. Browning's, and read less. He was looking at Mordle, who was all about the poet who, although so passionstill bronzed by the sun, and seemed to be in ately in love with Lady Geraldine, was thickan aggressively rude state of health. He | headed enough not to be able to detect the wondered if the curate felt as wretched when existence of a corresponding sentiment on the Beatrice refused him as he, Frank Carruthers, | part of her ladyship. did at that moment. If so, and if Sylvanus | And just as hir. Carruthers reached the part had really conquered his disappointment, he where the lovely lady comes by night, passes was more of a man than his visitor, and as through the poet's window, and in rather a such entitled to respect. He got so deep into forward way does all the wooling, he heard a

briskly. "You forget a dinner party. You addine episode about to occur? Could it be home to chat and smoke with me. You don't | that Beatrice-"Nothing." Frank roused himself and took

"You-Mrs. Miller!" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?" "May I come in, sir?" she asked. There was a lump in Sylvanus' throat, but he choked it down manfully. Frank wondered at the curate's quickness in guessing. Men in love always wonder at the preternatural gift of detection with which their friends

"May I wish you joy?" reiterated Mordle. "You have tried?" - Show the -



"But is there anything wrong in the Her words bore a meaning which did not escape Carruthers. They told him that Mrs. Miller was quite aware of what had taken

place between him and Beatrice. He winced mentally. The thought of his rejection becoming the gossip of the servants' hall was

"Well, let me hear what you have to say."

The strange visitor laid her hand on his to become of the sedate Whittaker, and Wilnurse, was much struck by the wild, intense | into a theological argument, and at this time look in those dark eyes which gleamed from of night play Pelagius to this feminine dis-

spoke sensibly, although there was passion in "Mr. Carruthers," she said, "tell me how The sudden question staggered as well as annoyed Frank. He frowned. "I am not in lite hope that Mrs. Miller felt also sure of her the habit of making confidences to—to stran- own salvation.

Carruthers," said Mordle

briskly.

charply. Mordle looked the picture of sur-

"Hangit!" said Frank. "I don't want pity.

"Our cases are different. You felt certain

"Did I? If so, it was only one of the delu-

"The older you grow the more liable you

are to delusions. A man between thirty and

forty more easily deludes himself into be-

lieving that a woman loves him than a boy of

"Ha!" said Mordle. "All new to me. this.

twenty-modest and good-can't see any

ceason for a woman's loving him. Man of

thirty or forty-successful in life, say-

"Never mind," said Frank; "it doesn't

"I say," continued Mordle, laying his hand

"Til ask no woman twice to be my wife,"

"You might ask this one twenty times and

feel happy if you got her then. But twenty

times won't be needed. She loves you now,

"I don't-I never talk folly. I have seen

you together. I have watched her as closely

as I watch one of my flock who leans towards

dissent. I have seen what you haven't seen,

and again I say, don't take 'No' for an an-

"Let us talk of something else," said Frank

All the same the old provero about the locker

on and the game came to his mind. Under

some circumstances there is much solace to be

They talked of something else, but as it always

does when a man is in love, that something

else veered round ever to the one thing. At

last Frank threw the end of his cigar away

and bade the curate good-night. Mordle's

emphatic cheery assertion that he ought not

to despair had done him good, although he

His guest having left him Sylvanus drew

himself up and patted his chest approvingly

"It was magnanimous, very magnanimous,

he said, "to help a rival like that. But I

em thoroughly cured, so could afford to

He always told himself he was cured. Per

haps he was. All the same the Rev. Sylvanus

Frank went back to Hazlewood House, and

apologized for his strange absence as best he

could. He had been seized with a splitting

headache and compelled to seek fresh air.

Strange to say a splitting headache had also

driven Miss Clauson, not into the fresh air,

but into her room. "Thunder in the air, no

doubt," said Herbert, the most unsuspicious

About half-past eleven the last of the

guests departed. Mr. Turner, believing Lord

Kelston's friend to be an aristocratic Chris-

tian of the most orthodox type, bade him an

effusive good-night, little dreaming of the

insults he had been heaping upon his head.

Horace and Herbert gave a sigh of relief as

their Jew-hating guest left the house. They

had too much sense to think of apologizing

for the mishap—they merely doubled their

civility to the eminent Israelite. At last

every one had said good-bye, and the shut-

to rest in the safe until again wanted.

"Shall we go to bed now, or would you

Frank started out of his reverie. He did

"If you don't mind," he said, "I will go

into the library and write some letters. The

They did mind, of course; but were too

polite to say so. Whittaker was ordered to

take the lamp into the library, and Frank

"Please turn the wick down low before you

"And." entreated Herbert, "would you

mind turning the hearthrug upside down when

Frank premised, wondering the while why

the constitution of a hearthrug was such that

the night and early morning air impaired it.

Then he sought the library, closed the door,

There is no occasion to recapitulate these.

We have had them all before, and they grew

tired of them at last, and to break the mon-

otony made a pretence of writing a letter to

woke a strong temptation to say again by

their aid ail he had already said to Beatrice,

suddenly short. But his pride would not

hero of Locksley Hall. After this hechanced

wild but not altogether unnatural thought

He ran to the door and threw it open. On

the threshold stool, not Beatrice, but-terri-

ble disappointment—the black-robed figure of

could this sombre, uninteresting woman want

with him at this hour of the night!

and was alone with his own thoughts.

sha'n't be able to sleep for a long time."

Horace and Herbert looked at Frank.

not feel in the least inclined for bed.

bade his cousins good night.

blow it out," said Horace.

much longer.

Mordia is a bachelor to this day.

said Frank, with conclusion number three

matter which way you take it."

"What folly you talk!"

got out of proverbs.

fresh in his mind.

Carruthers.'

Don't you take 'No' for an enswer."

rise. He held his hand out to his visitor.

If you bore it, I suppose I can."

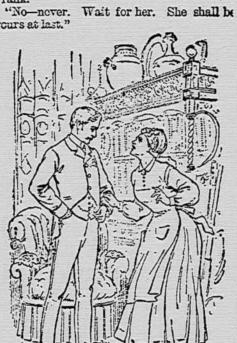
sions natural to a man of my age."

"And failed." Frank rapped the words out

gers." He was going to say "inferiors," but "Oh, sir; don't misunderstand me. Tell nestness-"tell me: set my mind at rest. Let me know that you love her with all your heart and soul-that the very ground her | Frank, to humor her. foot presses is holy to you—that you could

say?" he asked. "Only this, sir-you will wait, will you

woman who smiles on you? You will wait for the woman you love-five, ten, twenty years, it may be?"



woman come to him of her own accord, or heart.

had Beatrice sent her? His heart beat vio lently. "Are you giving mo a message from "No, sir. Miss Beatrice is not one to send messages by servants. She doesn't know l Carruthers? Promise me you won't tell her.' Her face grew paler than before as the

"Why do I trouble? Because she is all in mind or body. Listen, Mr. Carruthers. morrow. Years ago-she was then but a girl of seventeen or eighteen-she saved me from starva-

harps of the blest, if below me I saw the fiery | what had passed between them. On her part gulf-if I knew that withdrawing my foot | she seemed shy and constrained, and the old would bring her happiness, I would withdraw apathetic manner appeared to have reassert it, and be doomed forever.' Her figure seemed to dilate as she uttered this tremendous rhapsody. It certainly

his heart softened towards her. "This is sheer idolatry," he said, not un-"Call it what you will, sir. I mean all 1 say, and more."

"Yes, sir. I have watched you day by day, about you, and heard you spoken of with the tongue of good report. Besides-"

satisfactory," he continued. "Tell me why you feel so sure about us. Our creed must into a soft and visionary twilight."

"Creed!" she burst out. "You were chosen before there was a creed in the world. The seal is put on the elect as they draw the first

was absent when the outrage was com- plain about the standard of studies in out of countenance." mitted. Jackson, it seems, "drapk the University. It is our college. It | And did it work?" heavily" during Carroll's absense. It does not belong to the trustees and those is pertinent to inquire whether Jackson who advocate free tuition. If the peohad been in the habit of "drinking ple say that tuition must be charged, it How on earth do you account for it?" Carroll knew that fact. It looks a little appropriation at all, it is their own af- choice of a seat may have had a little underling given to "drinking heavily." graduate of the college, since the war, range."

Items of Interest.

. A gentleman in Aiken county real-

State Journal.

years respectively, witnessed a balloon ascension for the first time, recently.

of stumps which he wished to remove. He bored holes in them, inserted saltpetre, filled up with water, and then plugged the holes. About a month ago he took out the plags, poured in kerosene oil and set fire. The stumps have smouldered away without blazing, and 'Some of you little sinners are sitting.

up in the calabcose. During the night. he set fire to the guard house, but the flames were discovered in time to save the building. He. was sent to jail for thirty days for stealing. After he has

give me plain colors."

That's very strange-very strange.

strange for helpless convicts to be left fair and they have the right to control something to do with it. I selected the to the tender mercies of an irre ponsible it as they please. Up to this time each top of the highest tree on the entire

and the second second second